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1926—1927

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Ruth Hornbeck. (owner).

\$35
JA

Editorial

FINAL ISSUE

The editorial staff of the *Breezes* has endeavoured to make this, the final publication of the year 1927, a paper which will meet with the approval of the whole student body. The staff wishes to thank the representatives of the various rooms, and also those who contributed special articles, for their kind co-operation.

GRADUATION

Just now, we are chiefly concerned with the most significant event of the school year—graduation. To some this day will mark but the passing of another milestone in their scholastic journey, while to others it will mean the termination of their school career and the beginning of their education in the "University of Life."

We have had just cause to be proud of former graduates, who have distinguished themselves in many different walks of life, and we feel sure that the students graduating in 1927 will uphold the honour equally well.

FAREWELL TO GRADUATES

I wish that I had the ability to convey in a satisfactory manner, and very briefly, my appreciation of the work of the staff and students of our school during the academic year now drawing to a close. It appears to me that earnest study has asserted its claim to first place in the interests of the great majority and that a high standard of conduct has been set. After all, serious study and good conduct should be the first purpose of every student. There are other valuable phases of school life, but acquisition of the power to think clearly and act wisely must be the primary aim. I also hope and believe that the students have learned that the most important product of education is not that part which may become financially profitable to them or may enhance their bodily well-being or comfort. That part merely provides the sub-stratum of security and leisure upon which to build the much more important structure of ethical and spiritual development. Our graduates should take care that, in the busy life of keen competition, they never lose sight of these more important ultimate aims.

My sincere wish for those who may leave the school this year is that their work in Science, Art, Literature, Music, Public Speaking, Physical Training, etc., may send them forth from our halls with lofty ideals and noble purposes, lovers of fair play and the square deal, ready to rally behind the standard of truth and honour. It is not enough to know, it is more necessary to feel finely, righteously, humanely. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise," continue to "think on these things," and "all other things shall be added unto you."

A. C. CAMPBELL.

LITTLE HINTS ON STORY WRITING

By ROBERT WATSON, Winnipeg

Author of "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman," "Gordon of the Lost Lagoon," "Me—and Peter,"
"Canada's Fur Bearers," etc., etc.

Almost every girl and boy at some time or other has an ambition to become an author. Not every one of us becomes what he or she would like to be, but to have a desire is the first step in the right direction. Now, a desire will never amount to anything unless there is the will to work behind it. Desire, plus determination and work, will accomplish anything.

Coupled with this will to work must be a faith in our ability to do what we have set out to do. Even after many failures, we must refuse to harbour the thought of failure; while, if we keep ourselves buoyed up with thoughts of success, we are planting our feet firmly on the road to the success we hope for.

One famous poet said, "Thoughts are living things." Often our thoughts have more force upon ourselves, and even upon others, than have spoken or written words.

If we would be an author, we must make an early and a courageous start: not in writing stories that the magazines will publish, but in preparing ourselves for the day when we will be able to do so, for it needs more than a piece of paper, an inkwell and a pen to make an author.

But the thing is to make a start. The famous poet Goethe once said,

"Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute;
What you can do, or think you can, begin it."

And Montrose said something to the same point,

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To win or lose it all."

Sir John Lubbock tells us that all succeed in life who deserve, though not perhaps as they had hoped; that an honourable defeat is better than a mean victory, and no one is really the worse for being beaten unless he loses heart. We must never lose heart.

Most well-known authors have begun their literary careers by writing simple verses even in their juvenile years. To try to put our thoughts into nicely measured rhyme is splendid literary exercise, and it is wonderful how proficient one becomes at it after a while. Versifying teaches us how to express our thoughts in few words and in neat fashion. It teaches the beauty of selection of words and phrases, and it teaches us balance and rhythm which are so necessary to fine writing, poetry or prose—for it is a great mistake to imagine that all poetry is in rhyme. Much of Robert Louis Stevenson's prose is the sweetest of poetry; so, also, is Henry Van Dyke's.

To be successful as an author generally means hard, heart-breaking work, and it is impossible to instruct anyone how to become an author unless the knack of it is born in that person. All that one can do is to inform the beginner how to improve his art.

We must never put off our writing or studies by saying, "Oh, I haven't the time for this extra work." Samuel Smiles once said, "Those who have the most to do, and are willing to work, will find the most time." And that famous person, Goethe, wrote, "It is better to be engaged in the most insignificant occupation in the world rather than to look upon half an hour as being of no importance."

Many famous authors have had very trying experiences in getting their work recognised, and often have been years and years before they got anything in print. No one would have Conan Doyle's first book, "Micah Clark," and for ten years he almost starved on his literary earnings, but he became famous finally. John Milton got only five pounds, or about twenty-five dollars, for the world-famous classic, "Paradise Lost." But a real author or poet goes on writing and improving his art, even if he gets nothing in monetary gain for his efforts.

Here is some practical advice to the aspiring author:

Don't start in to write a story unless you have a story to write. That doesn't mean you must have every turn and incident in your mind before you begin, but you must know what you are aiming for.

Do not waste your energies by jumping from one unfinished piece of work to another. Always complete what you start, even if you have to burn it afterwards.

Practice spelling diligently.

There is more good sound advice in the common school grammar on the subject of how to become an author than in any other book that can be named.

Read the dictionary diligently. This increases your knowledge of words.

Practice writing in the style of the acknowledged best writers and soon you will develop a style all of your own.

Read only the books of good writers and shun trashy stories as you would shun a plague.

Learn to express yourself naturally.

Never use a three or four-syllabled word if two or even three words of one syllable will express better what you wish to say.

Remember, when writing, that unless you please your readers with what you write you can never expect to go very far with them.

Draw on your own experiences in life as much as possible for your subject-matter, for that is the source of all true inspiration, the root basis of all true literature.

"Words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

To be a great writer, you must first of all have a great heart, full of human sympathy for your fellow beings, full of love and kindness and the love of right. It is qualities such as these that made Robert Burns, Charles Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Louis Stevenson, Longfellow and many others famous as writers.

Remember that it is only what you put into your writing that will ever come out of it again. That is why your heart must be in it and why your heart must be right, and why you must be able to sound all the chords of human emotions.

Do not try so much to draw pictures of objects you see, for that is simply reporting; but try, rather, to put on paper the feelings you experienced in seeing these objects—that is art.

Always be willing to accept criticism, if it is criticism that will help you the better to construct. Criticism, without any advice as to how to remedy what is criticised, is useless to a writer.

Canadian literature is now just at its awakening, and the writers of to-day in Canada are blazing the trail for you who will follow. In the words of our famous war poet, Colonel John McCrae,

“To you from failing hands we throw
The torch, be yours to hold it high.”

AN ADVENTURE IN POLAND

A cold, bleak day greeted my first vision of Poland, “the Land of Snow.” Such a scene was naturally not at all calculated to cheer the weary traveller. My uncle and I had just completed the first lap of our journey from Berlin to Kempen, Posin, a small city, or rather town, in Poland.

Thus far we had come in an evil-smelling, cold, and badly-lighted train. “This” we thought, “must be the maximum of hardship to which any traveller can be subjected;” but we were not much surprised when we saw in what way the remainder of the journey would be made.

Previously we had lacked air; now we were to travel in a carriage which was composed chiefly of air. The roof was like a fish net. The wheels stood up. (I will say that much for them.) This type of carriage, in its better days, was called a “Droschke.”

Now our troubles began in earnest. Our driver, who, by the way, resembled his horse and carriage, simply refused to take both us and all our baggage in one load. His horse wasn’t strong enough, he said, and even if he were, the carriage wouldn’t stand it. Therefore, the only thing we could do was to divide forces. My uncle decided to take half the baggage and an old farm cart which was, happily, on the spot. As for me, I could take my chance with the “Droschke,” and the horse. To this day, I think my uncle got the better of the bargain.

Our two vehicles started together, but my horse was no match for the husky farmer’s, and soon I was left far behind.

It was bitterly cold, the wind blew through the carriage, and snow began to fall. My man told me that the reason he never put runners on his carriage in winter was that he feared he could not get the wheels back on, and this I firmly believed.

I tried to doze off, but suddenly came to with a jerk. A uniformed man barred our way with a rifle. From my driver, I gathered that my passport was wanted. That finished things for me. My uncle, who was now so many miles ahead of me, had both passports comfortably in his inside pocket.

I did my best to explain this to the man, and it pleased him so greatly that he told me I could either stay out there all night, or go back whence I came. Since I could not do the latter, I had to remain where I was, whether I wished to do so, or not. As if this were not enough, he gave me the honour of an armed guard. This fine fellow informed me that he supposed my uncle would come back for me

sometime, but when, he did not seem to know. My reply to this I cannot repeat.

As you can imagine, I soon had had enough of this situation, and so I racked my brain to find a possible means of getting out of the difficulty. Suddenly a clever idea struck me—at least, I thought it was clever. My uncle had bought in Berlin a quantity of German cigarettes to take with him to Poland. To get these through the customs, we had to keep them on our persons, and therefore I had some with me. I well knew the Polish soldier's fondness for "Papyrus," as cigarettes are called in Polish, and I determined to see whether or not I could bribe the worthy gentleman who was detaining me. This was a fine mistake on my part, for he took the cigarettes and declared, "Shut up, or you will be arrested for smuggling." I decided that perhaps, if I were arrested, it would be warmer in jail than out in the cold; so I started to argue with him.

Fortunately for me, my argument was closed by the timely return of my uncle. He soon arranged everything and once again we were on our way.

In approximately another hour, we reached our destination, and all troubles were forgotten in the joyous reception given to us by our relatives.

—George Pollak, *Room 48, J.B.*

IF

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

If you can do your work when all about you
Are shirking theirs and copying it from you,
If you can trust yourself when teachers doubt you
But make allowance for their doubting too.

If you can pass the girls you meet in hallways
And keep upon the straight and narrow path.
If you can keep your mind upon your business
And not bring on your head the teacher's wrath.

If you can put aside the dances, parties,
To write out compositions in your book,
And spend two hours a night upon your English
To satisfy exacting Mr. Cooke.

If you can bear to hear the things you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
And smile upon the teacher that has done it,
As he calls you varieties of mules.

If you can talk to teachers with great patience,
And take all their upbraiding with a grin.
Your's is the scholarship and all that's with it,
But you're a better man than I am, Gunga Din.

—Harvey Powell.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

In the school the final contestants were selected from a large number of competitors. These were John Leishman, Katherine Queen, Helen Lowe, Fred Gilbert, Katherine Elliott, Gordon Brooks. The merits of these six were very equally balanced. The judges, Mrs. Mathers, Mr. H. MacIntosh and Mr. W. A. Cuddy, decided upon Miss Helen Lowe, Room 61, Grade XII, to represent the school. Second and third places were given to Kay Queen and John Leishman.

Briefly we may sum up the qualities found in each. Helen Lowe made a definite appeal to her audience. She had excellent poise, rhythm of speech and harmony of time. Her voice was pleasant, balanced, modulated, and infused with emotion. Katherine Queen was more of the argumentative and persuasive type. She was a strong speaker and showed wonderful control. John Leishman was quite colloquial, which made it easy to listen to him—a little explanatory. Gordon Brooks, may be called the poet of the group—his treatment was so imaginative; but numbers are hard things to remember! Katherine Elliott thrilled her audience with her beautiful soft voice, which was quite dramatic, especially at the close of her speech. Gilbert had a pleasant voice, and a strong personality. Nervousness probably accounts for his slightly forced attitude. With such orators in our midst we may feel justly proud and we expect to hear their names in the future.

In the provincial finals, April 22, at the Walker Theatre, a splendid group of contestants was gathered. We may compliment our representative on her excellent performance. Simone Landry, the winner, has once again won high honor by obtaining second place in the Dominion finals. The first place was awarded to an Ontario boy—Fred Hotson. —D.G.

IN MEMORIAM

Marjory Waugh, of Room 12, passed on at seven o'clock, May 19th.

Our sympathy and that of the school is extended to her family and friends.

"Death sits on her like an untimely frost,
The sweetest flower of all the field."

PIRATES OF PENZANCE

"It's comedy to some folks, but it's tragedy to me." This saying repeated itself over and over again during the performances of the "Pirates of Penzance" by the leading characters of the back-stage. Back-stage was a scene of much hustle and bustle. The lassies, for once, came into their own and donned the make up—assisted by the teachers, who proved to be masters of the art. As for the lads, Lon Chaney had better look to his laurels.

Finally, on Thursday the curtain scrambled up; and lo! All the fearsome pirates were in their places—behind their moustaches. Will

miracles never cease? They all got through their parts splendidly however, but at a heavy cost—to the teachers. One at least lost fifty pounds in weight during the first act.

Then came the spectacular entrance of the major-general's daughters all of whom were beauties (?), and what, with the falling and clattering of compacts and combs, it sounded like the "Thundering Herd" in full stampede.

But all good things come to an end, and amid the deafening applause of the cheering multitudes, the curtains descended—part way—but Thursday being their off night, they refused to budge, until a vast army of scene-shifters, prompters, electricians, stokers, and deckhands brought their mighty intellects to bear upon them.

By Friday night some of the general's daughters found the strain telling upon them, and, to reserve their fast-ebbing strength, leaned on the scenery and nearly crowned a few teachers with it. This catastrophe was averted by the masterful brain of Walter Burns and the Herculean strength of Miss Hickson, who grabbed the wavering wings and bore the forest and the sky upon their mighty shoulders. Instead of a comic opera, the play just escaped being converted into a tragedy. Through the neglect of the property man, the pirate king's pistol was not loaded, and when, in his fits of uncontrollable laughter, he pointed the gun at Frederic and pulled the trigger, mighty reverberations like unto those of a pop gun could be heard. This disappointed the audience greatly; but, politely, they hid their feelings under a screen of hilarious laughter, and the property man was told not to neglect his duty again. However, a further disappointment was in store for us; for the king, overcome by nervousness, forgot to pull the trigger.

The horrible tragedy of Saturday was the melting of P. C. Kenneth McLean's moustache. It ran down his face until it resembled the Amazon river. However, the water buckets proved large enough to catch the overflow, and another tragedy was averted.

Speaking of overflows, we should all be thankful for escaping an untimely death, for Frederic, escaping the clutches of Mabel, and leaping in his playful way from the window, took a generous handful of the ocean for a support, and leaned against the island on the other side. Thanks to the kind of ocean manufactured by Mr. Mountford, we eluded the confines of a watery grave. Somebody's face must have been "perfect gallows."

After the last performance, cake was served to all, and the remainder of the evening was spent by the pupils "in agitating their legs with a cold fury which was distinctly unpleasant."

This is just an inkling of some of the things that go on—behind the scenes.

—Saul Cohen, Room 19.

A visitor at a country village went into the postoffice and, with the object of getting into conversation with the postmaster, asked him what were his views on vegetarianism.

"Haven't any views of that kind," was the reply, "but I've got some fine postcards of the new viaduct, the church and library."



Manitoba's ninth annual Musical Festival closed Saturday night, May 7th, after a very successful two weeks. On Thursday, May 5th, the Girls' Glee Club carried off the honours in the class for choruses from senior high schools, retaining the Hon. James Cox Aikens shield. The adjudicator (Dr. Staton) praised the choir highly, and complimented the work of the conductor for the expressive quality of her left hand. They also gave credit to the pianist (Lillian Furney) for her discretion and skill in "managing" the accompaniment. Being the winners in this class the choir was obliged to sing on Friday, May 6th, for the Earl Grey trophy. This was the grand *finale* for school choirs competing in the Musical Festival. There were nine competitors in this class, the Daniel McIntyre being the winner, with 92 and 94 respectively as the marks for their two pieces, Elgar's "My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land" and Rossini's "Swift as a Bird." The adjudicator said that in the first piece the choir had a shapely start, a *pianissimo*, the right colour and mood and that there was a fine detail of expression; and the second was an outstanding performance with a joyous rhythm.

Students must also be congratulated for their success in the solo and duet classes. In the boy's solo, Jack Dryborough was chosen from twenty-six competitors to sing in the finals, his marks being 81 and 79 respectively. In the duet for equal voices, Lola Smith, Eleanor Tennant obtained second place with 88 marks. Ethel Hubbard obtained high honours by winning first place in the junior soprano solo, her marks being 82 and 85 respectively. Great praise should be given to the girls who sang in the junior vocal duets, winning first, second, and third places for the Daniel McIntyre. The winning duets were: Ethel Hubbard and Irene Carter, Eileen Christie and Frances Fox, Marie Daniels and Nadine Lush. In the junior contralto solo, Irene Carter was very successful, being picked out for the finals.

Not only were the students in our school successful in the vocal classes, but also in the instrumental classes. Fred Grinke was the only competitor in the entire festival who obtained full marks. He won this in the sight reading class for senior violin. George Pollak received high marks in the senior violin class, in which he came second, his marks being 92 and 92 respectively. In the piano intermediate duet, Helen and Louise Templeton were second in a fairly large class.

Our club was not only honoured by the winning of the shield and the Earl Grey trophy, but by being requested to sing at the final Saturday evening concert, May 7th, when we were treated to an excellent concert by the various competition winners.—*Lola Smith.*

HOCKEY AND BASKETBALL

The Daniel McIntyre hockey team made a strong bid for the inter-high-school championship. Winning two out of three games put them in the finals with Kelvin. In this deciding game, however, they did not show their true form and lost, after a close game, by four to two.

The two basketball teams representing our school, although having good material, were handicapped by not having a suitable floor for practices. The seniors did not win a contest, but in every game their opponents had to extend themselves to gain a decision. The juniors pulled out of their series better, with a draw and a victory to their credit.

—W.E. K.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY COAL BIN

The furnace tolls the knell of falling steam,
The coal supply is virtually done;
And at this price, indeed, it does not seem
As though we could afford another ton.

Now fades the glossy cherished anthracite;
The radiators lose their temperature:
How ill avail on such a frosty night,
The short and simple flannels of the poor.

Though in the ice-box, fresh and newly laid,
The rude forefathers of the omelet sleep,
No eggs for breakfast till the bill is paid;
We cannot cook again till coal is cheap.

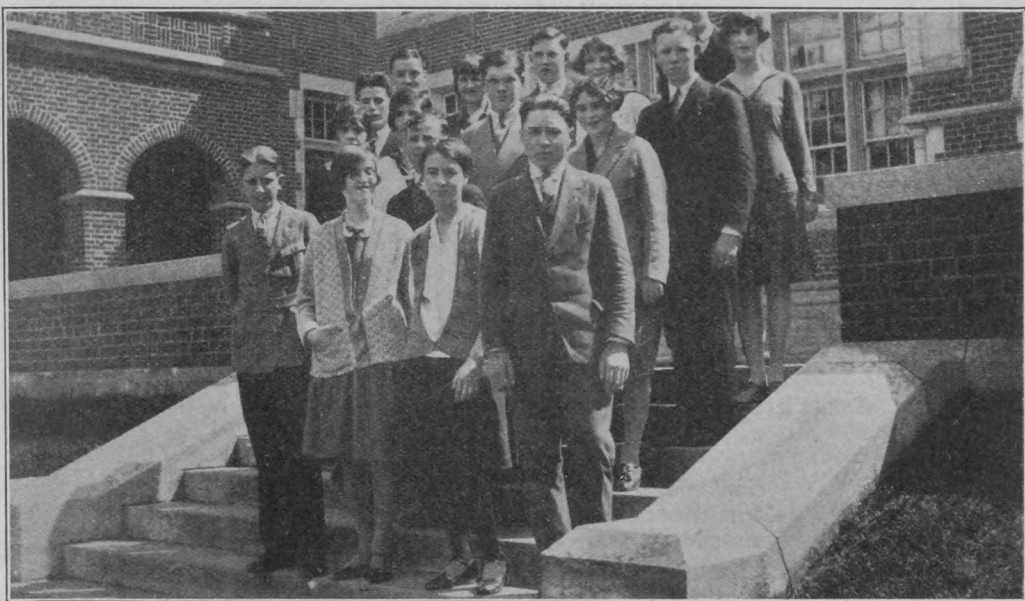
Can Morris-chair or paper mâché bust
Revivify the failing pressure-gauge?
Chop up the grand piano if you must
And burn the East Aurora parrot-cage!

Full many a can of purest kerosene
The dark unfathomed tanks of Standard Oil
Shall furnish me, and with their aid I mean
To bring my morning coffee to a boil.

The village collier (flinty-hearted beast)
Who tried to hold me up in such a pinch
May soon be numbered with the dear deceased:
I give him to the mercy of Judge Lynch.

—Anonymus.

The Scotchman who offered a thousand to the first person to swim the Atlantic is reported to be suffering from a nervous breakdown since Gertrude has swum the Channel.



THE COUNCILS OF THE SCHOOL

THE SENIOR DANCE

On February 4th, the senior body, comprised of the grades 11 and 12, and representatives from the other grades and the teaching faculty, assembled for an evening of general good-will and happiness.

The "Melody Kings" orchestra played sixteen dances. Midway between the dances, luncheon was to be served. Tickets were printed and sold at fifty cents per person. The festivities were to begin at eight o'clock, and promptly at that time a number of students were on the school steps. One of the first principles of the D.M.C.I. is punctuality. The coats of the gentlemen (male students) were checked in a room in the lower hall, those of the ladies in the upper hall.

At eight-thirty the music commenced, and with it the dancers. Any couple entering the building after that time, during a dance, upon suddenly emerging into the hall, were immediately swept down half the length and forced to fight their way back tooth and nail to the stairway. Whereupon, having checked their coats, they, too, joined the contortionists.

Endurance of this through six dances merited the right to luncheon. At the announcement, it was feared that a few of the students were seriously hurt in the rush that ensued; but they proved hardier than was expected and all survived even the eats. Speaking of surviving, it appears to me that all modern dances are a testimony of the theory of the survival of the fittest—in shoes.

The door of the library was barred, and a few students were let in at intervals. These, usually the strongest, lined up against the tables and, each taking a tray for himself and partner, received their share

of the refreshments, in cafeteria style. This done they passed out the lower door of the library and each, finding his partner, proceeded to locate a spot where the coffee was least apt to be upset or the sandwiches and cake stepped upon.

Lunch over, the students, much refreshed, hurried upstairs crying,
"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined.

No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

Those who did not care to dance, having found some badminton balls in the erection shed, and having erected the volley ball net, using their trays as racquets, gave such an account of themselves that the caterer was forced to interrupt the game and rescue the trays.

The mystic hour of midnight drew near and still the couples danced, whirling amid the confusion of shambling feet and French heels. But the last dance came, prolonged as it had been by extras, and while all stood respectfully at attention, "God Save the King" was rendered by the orchestra. Following this, the checking room was stormed, in spite of the protests of those in charge. The merry-makers then, donning their winter garments, returned home, "tired but happy."

For those whose fallen arches, corns, bunions, etc., made walking insufferable, a flotilla of Diamond Taxis awaited. This thoughtfulness we owe to the foresight of our admirable president, Mr. Leishman.—*Dill*.

THE JUNIOR PARTY

The gathering together of the Junior classes on February 11th was an important affair for that body. A large part of the Junior classes attended, together with representatives from the teaching faculty, and from the other grades.

The time set for the arrival of the pupils was eight o'clock, and by that time a large crowd had gathered. The pupils were greeted by Miss Douglas and Mr. Florence, faculty advisors of the Junior Council, and Bob Alexander and Mary Mann, president and secretary. By eight-thirty the hall was filled to capacity, and after about ten minutes of reception by members of the Junior Council, the music, supplied by Jimmie Gowler's orchestra, began. Those who did not wish to dance remained in the erection shed to take part in the indoor track meet, which was conducted most successfully by Mr. Morgan.

After the many couples had struggled through eight dances, refreshments were served. The students were allowed to enter the library in lots of about ten and were served in cafeteria style.

When this battle was over, the dancers and others returned to the hall, and once more began their endless struggle. I should not say endless, for it finally did end at about a quarter to twelve, when the orchestra played "God Save the King."

As the last strains died away, there was a general rush for the check room, and those who found their proper garments proceeded to don them. Then they emerged into the cold wintry air and headed for their homes, all agreeing that it had been a wonderful evening.

The party was very well handled, and all expenses were paid. We owe this not only to the work of the Junior Council, but to the hearty support of the pupils.—*L. A. Bruce*.

SCHOLARSHIP STUDENTS OF 1925-1926

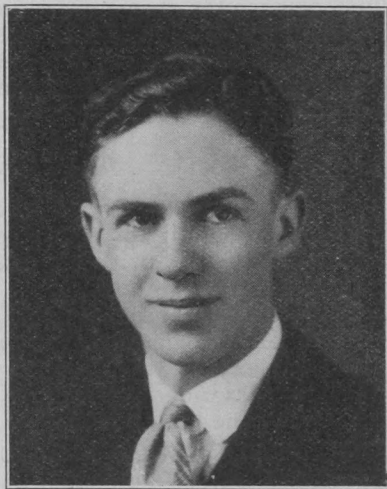


MARGARET DAVIES

Who won a scholarship last June, after writing her Grade XI examinations, and who has this year won an Isbister scholarship worth \$75 at the University of Manitoba. Margaret was a popular member of Room 56 during 1925 and 1926.

DONALD MORAN

Who won a scholarship last June and who is now pursuing a course in accountancy. He sojourned in Room 51 last year.



ANNE NEMENOFF

Who won a scholarship in June, 1926, who was librarian of Room 56 last year, and who was within four-fifths of a point of winning an Isbister scholarship this year at the "U."

Room Rumours

ROOM 6

Inside Dope

During the late winter, Room 6, successfully exercised their cramped muscles, and brains, in an exceedingly delightfull "snow-shoe" party. What? Did they have eats and a swell time? Well, I should say so. In fact, certain members in the "male division" haven't eaten since.

Dec. 1—The casualties on that date were not as heavy as expected, because of the opening of the institution at 9.30 sharp. In Room 6, it was as follows: Mr. Kelly, who arrived at the usual time of 9.25 and, finding himself on time, was seized by a severe spasm of fits, etc. Later he became delirious! He may recover. There were many similiar catastrophes, but they explained they had forgotten. About three members stopped coming to school because of the shortening of the hours. "We haven't enough time as it is," were their last words.

Mr. B. Borjson, an ex-member of our class, left suddenly because of sickness, and the natural generosity of the room presented him with a large basket of fruit, candy, gum, etc. Whether it was the shock or not we do not know, but unfortunately he has not returned.

Another great event of days was that J. Samson and M. Hinkle came in on time. They both explained this unusual phenomenon with the very feasible excuse, "The clock was wrong." We would suggest that at the beginning of each term the class teacher, for the benefit of the students therein concerned, put upon the bulletin board a list of all the excuses for lateness used the year before.

NEWS OF ROOM 8

"The Stenos"

We all felt greatly indebted to Gordon Brooks, the oratorical wonder of Room 8, whose address did so much to bring J. H. into the limelight during the contest.

Room 8 would like solutions to the following (no prizes given):
Who rang Phyllis' Bell?

Why don't Noel Black and Eddie White start a taxi business?

Is Myrtle Almond really a nut?

Is Gordon's Brook a tributary of the Assiniboine?

Does No-el Black know everything?

Does Pizey ever get a shock from his hair?

Is Ham well cured?

Does Olive Vopnfjord ever go vamping in a ford?

Has Swan got a long neck?

Is it possible that the appearance of the season's most popular waterproofs was foreseen when it was quoted, "Dull drab and dark are gone."

Student—But I don't think I deserve an absolute zero.

Chemistry Teacher—Neither do I; but that's the lowest mark I'm allowed to give.

ROOM 11, "THE MILKWEEDS"

A glance over such a distinguished group as the Milkweeds of P.H. will convince even the most skeptical that, were we in some place where there is no competition, we could be the most promising bunch of pen-wipers in any black-walled room in schooldom. Perhaps our achievements fail to convince, but at least we have kept our worthy pedagogues busy, and no teacher dare say he has had nothing to do in our room. However, we are convinced we can make good our claims.

The Prize Weed

Mr. C.—Marshall, dispose of that gum.

M.—Yes, sir.

Mr. C.—(five minutes later)—I thought I told you to put that gum in the basket.

M.—It is only a small piece which was suspended on a molar excrescence, and then rescued by bicuspid activity.

ROOM 12, "THE FORERUNNERS"

Room 12 has been too much occupied with academical work to waste it's valuable time on such frivolities as parties. Therefore no "society note." The wasted cheeks and hollow eyes indicate that, at least, is taking the coming exams. seriously!

Notice!

Great discoveries have been made by certain members of the class. We have in our midst Robert Scott. This is not the only celebrity that Room 12 can boast of, for "St. Pat." has been doing us the honor of gracing the room by her presence; also "Capt. Cooke," who distributes her corn seeds liberally.

Class Officers

President, Patricia Paget; vice-president, George Craig; secretary-treasurer, Signy Stevenson; librarian, Beth Carpenter.

ROOM 13, THE "LUCKY"—SOMETIMES

Exams. over, exams. to come, and brief respite, then, "for all we have and are." Meantime, sport activities—baseball, basketball, etc.—and let the teachers take the hindmost.

Certain changes of officers have been made in personel of Room 13 inner cabinet—These should, of course, be known. Room officers: President, May McKinnin; sport captain, Bert Nelson; secretary, Hilda Miller; representative, The Writer.

A Poem—Perhaps

As we look out of the window
On these bright and sunny days,
We're glad we come to school
And at our books we gaze.

ROOM 15

"The Mermaids"

A jolly evening was spent by the girls of Room 15 on January 7, when a successful tramp was held. After tramping on the banks of the river, the girls returned to the home of Doris Hawkins, where the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing and singing.

Girls and Boys, Take Notice:

Dellie Birkmyre has been elected president of Room 15. Iona Robinson was the former president, but she has left school.

Though we lost in our last game to Room 13, we were successful in defeating Rooms 12 and 14.

Old Memories

A former member of the Collegiate wishes to know if Mr. Smith still remembers the biscuits on which the girls of the 1921 P.A. class fed him, and the reason for his absence next day.

Favorite Sayings of the Teachers

Mrs. Elliott: "Mind the school teacher!"

Miss Dowler: "The exams. are near at hand, so govern yourself accordingly."

Ainslie Milne.

ROOM 18

Epic Poem

I sing of arms and heroes
That go to school each day,
To listen to a lot of stuff
That they *might* use some day.
And as I gaze around me,
With countenance serene,
My eyes fly wide with wonder—
I'll here depict the scene:

Choric Song

At the front of the room stands Mr. Hoole
With English flowing fast; to school
Us in its many uses.
And then the myriad accents flow,
And words that make us wonder so,
And humorous abuses.
He tells us of great Shakespeare's works,
And how the lotus eater lurks
To make us lose ambition.
He tells us not to say "afeard,"
And tells how Shelly trimmed his beard,
And how to use "munition."

Heard in the Lit. Class

"Shakespeare, with his marvellous facility of embellishing mediocre expressions—", etc. "Fulkerson, you are inebriated." (Or Webster, what have you?)

Heard in Geom. Class

"—and the next time I come into this class and the homework isn't done by more than two pupils—" 'Nuff said.

Heard in History Period

(Immediately period starts)

"Come on now get your books out — ready your note on Confederation, Sprung—What! you haven't it—all right, Fulkerson—Come on hurry—Haven't you got your book out *yet?*"

In Chem. Lab.

"It matters not whether you use Potass. Chlor. or Copper Sulphate—any salt may be used—What?—The book says— Oh, the book! (slam bang) bah!! How many times must I tell you that there are a great many mistakes in the book?"

Heard in Mr. Dobson's Period

"Oh, what's the use? King, do you *ever* expect to pass without a book? Now, what's the translation to this sentence, Proudfoot? No!!! ***Blankety dash. No! Won't you ever learn to use the subjunctive." *Ad infinitum?*

Room 18 Wants to Know

When the councils are going to start something?

Who was responsible for not letting the basketball team out in time to get to the scene of the game at four o'clock?

If the council is going to vote some money to buy a certain teacher some head-gear.

When the school is going to make a decent path in that vacant lot across from the school?

ROOM 19, "THE PRIMATES"

Room 19 is an outstanding example of what a group of energetic Primary students can do, both in school work and athletics.

Under the guidance of an able president—Gerald O'Shaughnessy—it has taken an active part in the school enterprises during the 1926-27 season.

The class consists mainly of boys, but there is a sprinkling of maidens.

During the winter season, the class held many tobogganing and skating parties, which were very successful. River Park was the rendezvous of the room on many winter nights.

Now that summer is almost here, and the baseball season started, the boys are out on the diamond. That is, when they are not playing

basketball. Speaking of basketball, Room 19 has a large group of basketball enthusiasts.

That rainy weather we have been having, and which has put a stop to our baseball for the present, has been described by Mr. Madden as "English weather," but as a certain wit has said, "Why blame it on the English."

With the examinations near at hand, it is the ardent hope of everyone in Room 19 to pass, and to be as good a Junior student as they were a Primary. Good old P.B.

ROOM 21

For this last issue of *The Breezes*, Room 21 thought they would publish a list of don'ts for the guidance of teachers and pupils who wish to co-operate successfully with each other. After much consideration (on the part of the pupils) the following five have been chosen:

Don'ts for Pupils

1. Don't sleep with your eyes open.
2. Don't forget teachers have hind sight.
3. Don't look vacant (even if you are).
4. Don't give the same excuse too often or it will fail to register.
5. Don't forget to eat fish (the great brain builder).

Don'ts for Teachers

1. Don't ask for homework when you have a feeling that it's not done.
2. Don't lose patience when a pupil appears dumb.
3. Don't keep pupils in when they're in need of nourishment.
4. Don't spring those "little tests."
5. Don't ridicule pupils in front of the class.

ROOM 22, "THE GENII"

We beg to announce that all in this room are mathematical geniuses. Of course, we have kept this a dark secret, but with the issues of the late examinations, when even Mr. Knox remarks upon our unique method of dividing decimals, we feel it our bounden duty to inform those concerned that we are, and probably shall continue to be, mathematical geniuses.

Furthermore we wish to thank our teachers for the Easter examinations, as they gave us an excellent opportunity to inspect the surroundings with a great deal more attention than we have hitherto been wont to give them.

ROOM 24, "THE CONUNDRUMS"

Room 24 held a skating party at the Wesley Rink on January 15. At this expose, some very amusing antics were displayed for the benefit of the crowd. On leaving the rink, we were presented with season tickets and earnestly requested to return in force at our earliest convenience. To such a degree has our winter sport become commercialized.

Later (in the evening), at the home of Avrie Hill, we had the opportunity to soothe our ruffled spirits and regain our mental equipoise

while partaking of a pork (?) and bean supper. We might intimate that Mary Mann, who deftly dished out the aforesaid interior decoration, need never starve—so long as there is a beanery in town. After the bean-bee several delightful (?) games were endured by all.

We regret to announce the departure of five of our classmates; namely, Marguerite Ross, Dorothy Plumm, Jessie Calvin, Jennie Logan, and Augusta Vopni. *R.I.P.*

Things Room 24 Would Like to Know

Is Ruth Bales hay or straw?

Does Nellie Sellwood or coal?

Why is Mary a Mann instead of a woman?

Is Audrey Wilson or daughter?

ROOM 45, "THE NON-SHRINKERS"

We are in a corner; yes, but we are neither shrinkers nor exclusive. And was diverse associations all the year—type tickling 46! No wonder we've been quite satisfied to dwell apart with casual visits from teachers and a distant look from the room—dutiful.

Don't think we are sissy because we have Love in the class, nor a low-brow because of Lowe, nor yet black because of Coate's,—but we can sing; you see we have Welsh among us sometimes.

All challenges (seniors or juniors) accepted by Don. Name your own conditions and weapons. Losses covered by bookkeeping.

ROOM 48

On entering Room 48, one is immediately struck by the pervading atmosphere of intelligence. This impression is unfortunately only temporary. We have one teacher who is unkind enough to tell us that as soon as he asks the class a question he is instantly bombarded—with silence—and a sea of vacant looking physiognomies.

Our room holds the world's championship for being able to start a row as soon as the teacher leaves. With splendid co-operation from all the pupils, we have brought the art of rioting down to a scientific basis. We have the distinction of being able to start and stop talking quicker than any other class in captivity.

Beside the aforementioned achievements, Room 48 contains such celebrities as Finsness, Hill and Campbell. Finsness scorns any mark less than 90%. Hill is an anarchist genius and not long ago was just foiled in the nick of time from setting off a bomb in our room. Campbell besides being our language genius, holds the undisputed honor of being able to be late more times in one day than any two pupils. We venture to say Campbell will be late for the last judgment.

Shortly after Christmas some hereto unknown organizer bethought himself to start the far-famed K.S.K. fraternity (Kallegiate Samnambulistic Kleptomaniacs). The members of this esteemed society planned to completely revolutionize the whole school system, making such changes as the abolition of home-work, lengthening the noon-hour and other drastic measures. For some mysterious reason, the Imperial Order of K.S.K. died an ignoble death.

—L.C.R.

ROOM 50, J.E., "THE INMATES"

When we held our room elections, there was great excitement, and it was necessary several times to clear the floor for action by tapping several of the noisier members of the class on the head with ink-bottles to insure their keeping the peace.

When the smoke of battle cleared away, the following officers were disclosed victorious: L. Hicks, president; J. Agnew, secretary.

Questions Asked by the Inmates of Cell 50

1. When was the "War of 1812" fought?
2. Who wrote "The Outline of History," by H. G. Wells?
3. Name two countries which took part in the Spanish-American War.

N.B.—A prize is offered to the person who first returns all three answers to Room 50, before February 30, 1893. Please enclose a one dollar bill to cover expenses.

ROOM 51, "THE LOPERS"

The term for Room 51 started with everyone in good spirits. Of course all looked forward to the year's work ahead of them. Oh, yes, very much so!

The selection of the room officers showed a wise choice.

The room attended both the senior parties in full force.

In the coming Graduation Exercises, Room 51 will be well represented.

During the P.T. periods in the winter the room was divided into four teams A, B, C, and D. Of these four, A team proved itself superior. In these different games the competition was very keen and an intense interest is now being shown in baseball.

The other day one of the members of the class, H. Backman, wanted to know when there was another meeting of the Literary Association, as he said he was interested in this and hadn't been able to attend the last few meetings.

HISTORY OF ROOM 53, "THE SUMERCUTES"

Down through the ages, "from precedent to precedent," in Room 53 has developed a constitution of which we are justly proud. At the first of the year, in a committee of the whole room, "Home Rule" was introduced, strongly supported by the extreme radicals. Out of chaos arose a well balanced cabinet composed of John Leishman as premier, C. Cowperthwaite as secretary of state, S. Reid and E. Summerfield as ministers without portfolio. As we are a sporting nation, we also have a minister of recreation, B. Sammons. Under this administration a large part of our constitution was established. The government is purely responsible (to the teachers) and is absolutely deadlock proof. During the year Leishman was defeated on a "No Homework Bill" and he was succeeded by L. Cannon as premier. He excellently reflected the brilliancy of his predecessor and completed the task of bringing our government to its present perfection.

In athletics, with keen rivalry and good sportsmanship predominant, we have had a splendid year. On school field day twenty-six points gave us the room pennant and several of our boys did well in the Inter-High. After resting on our laurels, we were represented by B. Sammons on the school hockey team and expect he will display his baseball talents shortly. We had a good basket ball aggregation, but did not gain any honours. We hope our lost baseball game is not a bad omen, in the inter-room baseball. A four team league in the room has afforded us good basket-ball and volley-ball rivalry and we are beginning our baseball schedule in the same manner.

We have also taken a part in the school's musical activities. We have two excellent musicians—Ephraim Cohen, our pianist, and Fred Grinke, violinist—who received high awards in the Musical Festival. In the "Pirates of Penzance," we comprised half of the boys' chorus and also had two stars in it—Ted Summerfield, our ferocious heavy mustached Pirate King, and Samuel, his lieutenant, played by Harvey Powell. Other members were pirates or police. The smallest policeman—who was one of the great laugh creators of the play—was one of our boys, Jimmy Goodman.

In the recent oratorical contests, a second Demosthenes and a future Edmund Burke were disclosed in the form of J. Leishman and F. Gilbert, both of 53. Naturally they both reached the finals, but there gave way to the Grade XII representative of the fair sex. Nevertheless, they upheld the reputation of this renowned room in excellent style.

In our race for "edification," L. Cannon, our big gun, always comes first. Second to him comes L. Johns, cartoonist and chewing gum fiend, with secretarial Charlie Cowperthwaite in third place. Scholarships are their meat, so *Beware*. Among the remaining 53's are such famous fellas as Ted Summerfield, chemist and dancing sheik; Reuben Groves, Greek theologian; George Seater, village cut up; the "late" Beauford Gerrie; Shirley Sellar, 73-inch dwarf; and the "widely" known Harold Haid.

Class Question—If examinations come can supp's be far behind? (For teachers only.)

ROOM 55

Futuristic Impressions

Anice Allonby—Champion athlete.
Barbara Baird—Barber of high degree.
Anna Bachman—Miss Winnipeg (?)
Laura Bjarnason—Great historian.
Margaret Bourns—Elocutionist.
Beulah Braid—Mathematician.
Beatrice Brooks—Hair dresser.
Irene Carter—Famous prima donna.
Gladys Chambers—Child's pancake flapper.
Wilda Crerar—Public speaker; mostly speaker.
Kay Donnelly—American Venus (? ? ? ?)
Minnie Epp—Club women.

Agnes Feely—Paderewski's rival.
 Christine Hallgrimson—M.A., B.C., F.P., C.O.D.
 Mona Holgate—Scrub woman.
 Ina Hume—Gossip.
 Edna Johnson—Interpretative dancer.
 Kathleen Lawrence—Cleopatra's rival (?)
 Eileen Mathews—Lady of leisure.
 Annie McEwan—Dress model (?)
 Frances MacNair—Key tickler.
 Jean Murdoch—Manicurist.
 Gladys Palmer, Blanche Palmer, Florence Palmer—The Palmer girls have just one ambition between the three: to be the best little girls they can be.
 Annie Sinclair—A shouting politician.
 Mildred Storsater—Farmer's wife.
 Joyce Sullivan—Famous cartoonist.
 Doris Waite—Dress designer.
 Hazel Warren—Signpainter.
 The members of Room 55 are hoping to be able to complete their book entitled, "With Allonby in the Back Seat and Lawrence in the Front," before the close of the term.

ROOM 56 FANTASIES

Margaret Hutcheson—The blue-eyed, curly-headed chemistry wizard of Room 56.
Gunhild Carlson—The beautiful Swedish maiden; plays great basketball and is a real sport.
Katherine Queen—Our secretary; is following in father's footsteps and will be a future *Conservative* member of parliament; she was runner up in the oratorical contest.
Ethel Hubbard—Our future Galli Curci; first in the soprano solo and duet in the music festival.
Marjorie Dunderdale—Vice-president; always there when wanted, and is the popular geometry genius.
Ruby Palmason—Her hair matches her name; Winnipeg Beach's prize product.
Louise Bewick—A nice girl who comes from "Merrie England," where everything is pretty.
Sadie Robbins—Infant prodigy; never opens a book, but is always first in class.
Helga Johannesson—Great violin virtuoso and a hard working member of the class.
Betty Francis—A little girl with a big brain who never misses anything; is never late and never absent.
Frances Fox—"Breeze's" representative; a mistress of sarcasm and wit; upholds the opposition side in Lit. and Comp. with C.C.; has a fine bass voice.
Irene McAllister, Eva Swatland, Audrey King—Go to these when you want to lose your appendix; all very conscientious and never liable to give you the wrong medicine.
Thelma Wallman—Bosom friend of the future Galli Curci, her secretary no doubt.

Vida Barret Hamilton—Irish aristocrat who has all the nice things that belong to the aristocracy.

Christina Steele—Caused a sensation at a toboggan party by breaking her neck—no, her ankle.

Eileen Christie—Another singer; class librarian, and future pianist of the Capitolians.

Gwen. Carter—A Girl Guide; always does her daily good deed (homework).

Vivian Black—Hundred-yard sprinter; full of "wise cracks."

Muriel Kent—Good at soccer (sock her), but all right otherwise.

Dorothy Pierce—Our terpsichorean nymph; disciple of Yentelle Fred.

Christina Horn—Good little bad girl frae "Bonnie Scotland," dinna say a word against her ain countree.

Marie Sloan—Good at anything, especially geometry; is never late.

Catherine Griffiths—"Flaming Youth"; keenest basketball player of the age, for her size.

Dorothy Paulson—The tall blond beauty that you hear about in novels. She dances like an angel and glides instead of walking.

Grace Carpenter—The human volcano; very much in action.

Cherry Crawford—President; the feminine D'Arcy McGee and the future author of the great Irish novel; green is her favorite color.

Hazel Gordon—Old-fashioned beauty, curls and all; "mighty lak a rose;" always first in class, when Sadie isn't.

Caroline Watling—Not as fast as she looks; never catches up with herself.

Lillian Furney—Glee Club pianist; general favourite; much praised by the festival adjudicators; sports captain.

Lola Smith—Future prima donna of the D'Oyly Carte Co., long hair and everything; secretary of the school.

Eileen Ferguson—Fine basketball centre; never says much, but she gets there.

ROOM 58, 12A, "THE WHISPERING GALLERY"

We are undoubtedly the finest pupils in the school—in our own estimation. Some of us, of course, are possessed of minor eccentricities, such as coming in late, neglecting our homework, and—"horrors" whispering across the aisles between periods; but that "doesn't make any difference." Our slight faults we strive to correct; we realize that "life is serious," that it is "not all pleasure," and that we "as Grade XII's should set an example to the lower grades."

Our "academic" duties are most diligently observed, but at times we become conscience-stricken and ask ourselves, "Is there any reason why we cannot do better work?" As to our athletic endeavours, our gymnastic feats at noon-hour speak for themselves; there is, of course, a consequent slight derangement of the objects in the room, entailing the scattering about of chalk and the breakage of a few plants which, from lack of attention, have become dry to the point of brittleness.

However, considering all things together, we are really an excellent class, and, as "genius borders on insanity," we are elated by the hope that therein lies the solution of all our difficulties. We have only to persuade the teachers of our genius and the day is won.

ROOM 61, "THE GRINDERS"

Chips from the Grindstone

Pickle's poetic tendencies are developing. We are, in fact, hoping to see him some day shine forth as poet floreate of Canada.

A Perhaps Poem

Within Room 61, they say,
The pupils study night and day;
So, in the June exams, you bet
They all will 1A honors get.

P.S.—Write a note on the versification???—Oh, rats!

Why does Gervas get angry when Miss Doupe says, "Now, Gervas, you put your sentence at the top of the blackboard." Poor little Gervas.

We wonder what would happen if someone commended us on being the best behaved class in the school?

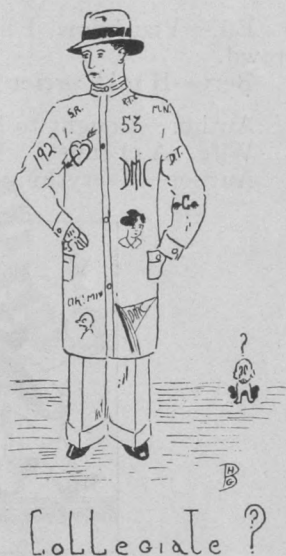
Bring on the stretcher bearers!

Does Linnie wear glasses to look wise? If such be the case, Herby, Laura and our other class "savants" must look to their laurels.

"SLICKERS"

No doubt the teachers will soon become infected with this fever which has seized the "schoolboy with shining morning" slicker. Then we shall see Mr. Murphy strolling up Alverstone Street, the letters on his back proclaiming "arma virumque cano," or "Quisque pro se." Mr. Cooke's coat will say "Alone, alone, all alone," and "Oh! oh! oh! oh!" that very dramatic passage from "Macbeth." And also Miss Clark with "je suis, tu es, il est," etc., and Miss Moore with "The steps leading up to Confederation are—"

This cartoon speaks for itself. Can you guess whom it represents? Neither can we.—C. C.



"How long you in jail fo', Mose?"

"Two weeks."

"What am de cha'ge?"

"No cha'ge, everything am free."

"Ah mean, what has you did?"

"Done shot my wife."

"You all killed your wife and only in jail fo' two weeks?"

"Dat's all—den I gets hung."



K.—I always make a point of saying just what I think.

C.—Good. Then we'll have a nice quiet evening.

Ed.—You know, I like Pamela. She's a girl who stands out in a crowd.

Bert—H'm! I prefer one who sits out.

Author—I ought to have been a chemist.

Wife—A chemist? Why, dear?

Author—Everything I write becomes a drug on the market!



A DUMBELL'S IDEA OF A TRACK TEAM

The absent-minded professor who put out the clock and wound up the cat is reported to have forgotten his watch and then taken it out to see if he had time to go back for it.

Wealthy Aunt—Now, remember, Hugh, you are to be one of my executors.

Nervous Nephew—Er—certainly, aunt; any time you like.

Casey and Riley agreed to settle their disputes by a fight, and it was understood that whoever wanted to stop the fight should say, "Enough."

Casey had Riley down and was hammering him unmercifully paying no heed to Riley's frantic cries of "Enough."

"Say, why don't you let him up? Can't you hear him say 'Enough?'" cried a bystander.

"Sure," replied Casey, "but he's such a liar you can't believe him."

He—Are you fond of Kipling?

She—I really don't know. How do you kipple?

One day a man, while walking along a country road, stopped to lean against a fence and talk with a boy working in a cornfield.

"Say, that corn looks kind of green, doesn't it?" he said.

"Yep, that's the kind we planted."

"It doesn't look as if you will get more than half the crop," said the man.

"Don't expect to. The landlord gets the other half."

After a long pause the man said: "Say, boy, is there much difference between you and a fool?"

"Nope, only the fence."

WRONG NUMBER



Senior (coolly, to a Primary who has just picked up her handkerchief)
—Thank you! But if I should happen to drop it again, please don't bother!! It wasn't meant for you!!!

ORATORICAL SPLASHES

"Canada is crossed by two railways. The first of these, the C.P.R., was built by Donald Smith. On account of the strength that this task required, he was known as the "Strathcona Horse." The second, the G.T.P., was completed in 1837, Prince Rupert driving the last spike."

The tales of western explorers are most fascinating. Here we read of Fraser, Simpson and the daring W. L. Mackenzie King, who was the first to sail to the mouth of the river to which he gave his name.

"Canada is a land with a glorious future. It is adapted to agriculture, yielding large crops of peaches, oranges, bananas, wheat, sugar cane and cotton. There are excellent transportation facilities for these products. Thousands of bushels of grain are stored annually in the elevators at Fort William Henry on Lake George, whence they are shipped east by the lake route, passing Niagara Falls by the famous Panama Canal.

GRADUATING CLASSES

"Morituri te salutamus"

XIIA—Room 58

President, Doris Goodall; Secretary, Allan Ryckman; Magnusina Bjornson, Alma Buhr, Grafton Calverley, Wylma Cooper, Genevieve Craig, Eleanor Dickson, Harry Easton, Clinton Fogg, Bethel Graham, Winnifred Greer, Shirley Hehn, Laura Holmes, Sidney Holmes, William Hrabie, Alan Hugg, Freda Johnson, Gertrude Johnson, Margaret Johnston, Chris Leckie, Dan McWilliams, Lillian Moffatt, Muriel Moffatt, Ruth Scott, Gudrun Sigurdson, Gladys Stainton, Frances Tisdale, William Weselak, May Wilson.

XIIB—Room 61

President, Dorothy Pound; Secretary, Gervas Meech; Carl Axelson, Herbert Brereton, Artemas Brown, Lilian Campbell, Edith Carlson, Frank Casper, Harold Cleve, Clemency Dunsmore, Don Forsyth, Mary Foster, Runa Gudmundson, Kristiana Hallson, Monty Hammell, Stanley Henderson, Freda Johanneson, Steve Johnson, Thorun Johnson, Agnes Lavery, Laura Lemon, Rhuna Loptson, Helen Lowe, Myrtle McKelvey, Marguerite McElroy, Margaret McKinnon, Margaretta McNabb, Delma Nesti, Agnes Phillips, Clifford Phillips, Jack Pickell, Laura Roche, Hazel Staples, Alva Steen, Linnie Tate, Eleanor Tennant, Myles Tennant.

XID—Room 55

President, Kathleen Lawrence; Secretary, Hazel Warren; Barbara Baird, Beulah Braid, Beatrice Brooks, Irene Carter, Gladys Chambers, Wilda Crerar, Kathleen Donnelly, Minnie Epp, Mona Holgate, Ina Hume, Edna Johnson, Frances MacNair, Jean Murdoch, Blanche Palmer, Florence Palmer, Gladys Palmer, Annie Sinclair, Mildred Storsater, Joyce Sullivan, Doris Waite. *Practical Arts*—Anice Allonby,

Anna Backman, Laura Bjarnason, Margaret Bourns, Agnes Feely, Christine Hallgrimson, Annie McEwen, Eileen Mathews.

XI E—Room 51

President, Jack Seddon; Secretary, William Jones; Alan Ayre, Harold Backman, Robert Duke, Milton Evans, Henry Fourès, Bjorn Hallgrimson, Osborne Hawkins, Gordon Hill, William Kibblewhite, Oldrick MacCallum, Nevin McDonald, Jack McKay, Robert Milne, Guy Steinhoff, Russell Steinhoff, Stanley Steinman, Douglas Taylor, Hilliard Taylor, Peter Thielman, Clair Zryd.

XI F—Room 18

President, Walter Burns; Secretary, Jack King; Clinton Anderson, Jim Bardsley, Edward Barrett, Fred Bird, Alex. Black, David Borm, Jack Eden, William Ferries, Murray Fulkerson, Dick Gregory, Carl Hallson, Lionel Kestenbaum, Bob McCance, Allan McLeod, Roderick MacRae, Charles Morden, George Oelkers, Charles Proudfoot, Harold Rafferty, Isadore Rosenstock, Knox Sprung, Harry Stanley, Paul Villeneuve, Murray Whiteway, Charles Wreggitt.

XI A—Room 56

President, Cherry Crawford; Secretary, Katherine Queen; Vida Barrett-Hamilton, Louise Bewick, Vivian Black, Gunhild Carlson, Grace Carpenter, Gwendoline Carter, Eileen Christie, Marjorie Dunderdale, Eileen Ferguson, Frances Fox, Betty Francis, Lillian Furney, Christina Horn, Ethel Hubbard, Margaret Hutcheson, Helga Johannesson, Muriel Kent, Audrey King, Irene McAllister, Ruby Palmason, Dorothy Paulson, Dorothy Pierce, Sadie Robbins, Marie Sloan, Lola Smith, Christina Steel, Eva Swatland, Thelma Wallman, Caroline Watling.

XI B—Room 53

President, Leslie Cannon; Secretary, Charlie Cowperthwaite; Sigurd Austinson, Ephraim Cohen, Arthur Gauer, Beauford Gerrie, Fred Gilbert, Jimmy Goodman, Fred Grinke, Reuben Groves, Harold Haid, Malcolm Hodson, Llewellyn Johns, John Leishman, James MacKay, Kenneth Maclean, Jack Palmason, William Pfeffer, Melville Pierce, Harvey Powell, Stewart Reid, Bert Sammons, George Seater, Shirley Sellar, Albert Shelsy, Edgar Summerfield, Douglas Tedford, Aubrey Wallace, Willis Wheatley, John Whitbread.

XI C—Room 22

President, Isabel McIvor; Secretary, Isabel McDonald; Marion Archibald, Lucy Boothman, Evelyn Bragg, Myrtle Bragg, Evelyn Corben, Alice Doyle, Muriel Glasgow, Minnie Hantscharuk, Mildred Harrison, Edith Horton, Myra Jackson, Evelyn King, Constance McCutcheon, Audrey McInnes, Marion McLeod, Edna Mason, Wenonah Miller, Muriel Moore, Beatrice Quilliams, Mabel Sheard, Emma Stephenson, Audrey Thompson, Margaret Waugh.

X H—Room 8

President, Evelyn McKenzie; Secretary, Leslie Ham; Myrtle Almond, Airdrie Arnold, James Bailey, Phyllis Bell, Doris Brighty,

Gordon Brooks, Lloyd Bruce, Edna Caswill, Isabel Cooper, Mollie Francis, Lavinia Hull, Norman Johnston, Marie Limmert, Ernest McCullough, Isabel McLeod, Elspeth McRae, Margaret McWilliams, Nettie Millar, Mary Pagee, Iris Parker, Harold Pizey, Dorothy Rogers, Jean Rutherford, Fred Saunders, Lillian Stephenson, Robert Swan, Edith Tomlinson, Olive Vopnfjord, Edith Whêeldon, Eddie White, Marguerite Woods.

X K—Room 10

President, Elsie Scales; Secretary, Phyllis Forrest; Richard Andrew, Kathleen Booth, Sylvia Clarke, Edna Collins, Margaret Comrie, Madge Courtney, Marie Daniel, Dorothy Davis, Mary Fraser, Thelma Freedman, Mae Hardy, Mike La Monica, Anna Lubotta, Nadine Lush, Kathleen McAllister, Katherine McIntyre, Frances McLean, Ileen Mair, Margaret Moffitt, Elliott Munnion, Pearl Olson, Ruth Plews, Edward Rangno, Howard Russell, Dorothy Smith, Ethel Vinnell, Alex. Watt.

X L—Room 6

President, Helen Blythe; Secretary, Edythe McCarthy; May Adams, Margaret Brownrigg, Ella Christopherson, Gwendolyn Flett, Dorothy Foster, Marie Foster, Clarice Haynes, Minnie Henkel, Winston Herget, Jessie McCormick, Peggy MacQuarrie, Clarence Munton, Elizabeth Owen, John Samson, Lillian Samson, Sydney Stewart, Margaret Turner, Hilda Weitman.

L'ENVOI

(With a nod to Rudyard Kipling)

When the last book is thrown in the corner,
And when the last pen-nib is dried,
When excuses and pleadings are over,
And to the last teacher we've lied,
We shall rest—and faith we shall need it—
Lie down for an evening or two,
And, with all the strength we can muster,
Give thanks there's no homework to do.

—H.P.

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Dominion Business College Student Wins Provincial Championship

At Recent All-Canada Typing Contest

(NOVICE DIVISION)

OUTSTRIPS ALL RIVALS BY NINE WORDS A MINUTE

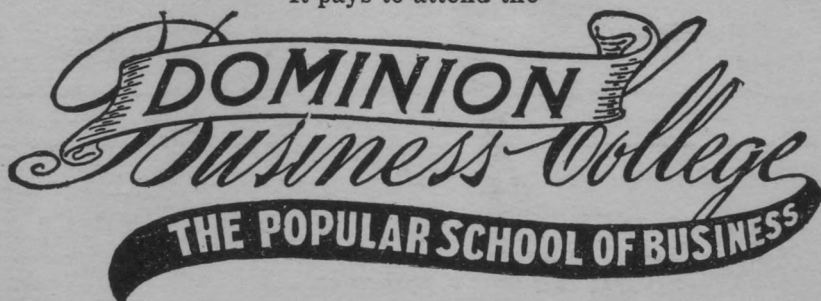
The Novice Championship Contest was open to all Business College students in Manitoba who began their training on or after August 1st, 1926.

The Championship was awarded to Miss Chrissie Bromley, fifteen years of age, with a net speed of 61.9 words a minute. Miss Bromley began her course at the Dominion Business College August 24th, 1926. Second place was awarded to Miss Ruby Belyea of the Manitoba Business College.

This is the contest that reflects the quality of instruction given in Business Colleges, since at the time of the contest (April 2nd), Miss Bromley had had no experience—in fact had barely completed her training.

ANOTHER FACT: Only three silver challenge cups were offered for competition—one for experienced experts; one for those having a little experience and one for students. The student cup was won by Miss Bromley of the "Dominion." Anything "Claimed" indicating there were more than three cups offered for competition *is not in keeping with the facts.*

It pays to attend the



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WINNIPEG

David Cooper, C.A., President